AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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PETER BROCK: A VERY REVEALING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

HOW SEX & DRUGS ARE DESTROYING THE KENNEDY KIDS

QUESTIONS YOU SHOULD NEVER ASK YOUR LOVER

DICK SMITH TELLS HOW TO BE A WINNER

JOHN UPDIKE ON WITCHES & WARLOCKS

QUEENSLAND'S SIZZLING CENTREFOLD

HOT'N'HORNY: THE BIG BIKES OF 1984

Plus GRANT KENNY, DARREN CLARK, BETTINA ARNDT & LOTS MORE!

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

IN BAD TASTE?

I have always thought that Australian PLAYBOY had good taste in the women presented in its pages, whether pictorials or centrefolds. However, doubts have arisen with the inclusion of the spread on Joan Collins in your January 1984 issue. I think she is one of the most over-rated "beauties" (and I use the term loosely) that filmdom has ever produced.

Peter W. Spierings,
Norlane, Vic.

BEST FROM THE WEST

I refer to your article Turn On The Lites in your December issue. I'm not writing to put down Ian Chappell or Mike Gibson as I'm sure they are true dyed-in-the-wool beer connoisseurs. I merely wish to protest about the selection of beer in the article. Or should I say the *lack* of selection.

I'm unaware that Western Australia has seceded from the rest of the country. The testing was supposed to cover *Australian* beers and I would have thought that all popular brands would have been chosen for the article.

A lite beer that sells in just two weeks what the breweries had predicted for seven months of sales must be "popular". Perhaps you couldn't obtain any? I'm referring to the lite brewed at the Southern Hemisphere's most modern and automated brewery — Swan Special Lite. I had to bring up a point that the Eastern states are trying to forget — that the America's Cup was won on a lot of Swan Brewery money.

And would Western Australia have been forgotten at the Commonwealth Games opening ceremony if it didn't make up nearly one-third of Australia's land mass?

Thank you and hope you think of us more often in the future.

Scott Overheu,
Osborne Park, WA.

We appreciate your comments, Scott. Unfortunately, Swan Special Lite was not yet available on a retail level in the Eastern states at the time of the beer testing which is why we omitted it from the final line-up — Ed.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The article on the Jaguar D-type in your January issue was certainly appreciated by this reader. The car sounds just as good as the originals. It must have been a dream come true for your Motoring Editor to drive such a machine and the engine characteristics of the Jaguar XK spell out that it's surely a power-encased beast.

This classic car should have been the centrefold for that issue!

Chris Miles,
Middlemount, Qld.

WILD ABOUT DONA

I've been an Australian PLAYBOY reader ever since you started out back in 1979 and, although I've thoroughly approved of every centrefold you've used so far, I've never before been tempted to write in and congratulate you on your choice of women.

But, I really must say that you've hit the jackpot with Miss April Dona Speir. She's an incredible beauty and the photography you have featured really shows all her assets to great advantage.

I'm particularly taken by the shots of her gorgeous arse and would suggest that you use more photography from this angle when you are planning the centrefolds and pictorials as a sexy arse is a great turn-on.

It would be great to see your Girl On The Run again in the Letters page.

J. Hurlstone,
Fremantle, WA.

Short and sweet. More Dona (Miss April) PLEASE! She's one of the most gorgeous Playmates of all time.

S. Kennedy,
Collaroy, NSW.

There's been an overwhelming reader response to Dona Speir's appearance and we've managed to tie her down for a brief return appearance — Ed.

CHANGING TIMES

Excuse me but your Men column in the January issue really put me OFF. The nasty and incessant Australian urge to promote the anti-American stuck its head out again.

Australians ape British behavior to such a degree that everything from sports, food and slang to prejudices follows the unthinking compulsion to mimic. And it never seems to occur to the media to discuss the ill-effects of British behavior aping, even though these "foreign" influences are by far the most pervasive.

Borrowed British prejudices are what concern me. Most Australian attitudes toward the Pacific area, other races, USA and the future are carbon copies of British sentiments. Australians' resentment of British manipulation seems not to get any further than an infantile tendency to name call.

There is currently a worldwide anti-American fad. The Soviets must be overjoyed and the Australian media are only too happy to sell hate to Australians. In your Men column, sophistication was oddly judged as an American evil, the popularity of self-help books was named as a bad influence and America was called Camelot while being accused of being over-critical at the same time.

Criticism is a very functional thing but the fact that Australians pay the media to immerse them in muck is at least a bit hard to swallow. The tendency to be cynical also ignores the fact that US actions are compared to a standard of behavior that has no example in the real world. Australians seem to demand world relations in a simple right-and-wrong presentation. The world is, of course, not what any of us wish it to be.

The US is not pursuing the old European attitude of "wait until the war starts and we'll prepare for it". Australia's own old European attitude toward preparedness is leaving it vulnerable to a solid punch in the nose. The US is trying to organise a defence for the free world with allies that seem to claw at its back. The US does not claim to be devoid of pursuing self benefits or the making of mistakes but neither is it as obviously in pursuit of money and markets.

Australia does have an advantage over the US and that's *time*. But we shouldn't waste this valuable commodity by being too aloof to have the type of problems that were beginning to appear. I have a strong faith in Australia and our ability to advance but we must come to see the necessity of change and not just an intensity of previous efforts. The US is an excellent ally but one with faults. If Australians feel they can find one who gives more and asks less then I suggest go ahead and have a go.

Bob T. Fulton,
Kambalda, WA.

Interestingly, that column was written by an expatriate American — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to us at the above address. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

Our ambitious beauty Patty Duffek believes that when you have the right foundations you're set for life.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

To look at her now you wouldn't believe 21-year-old Patty Duffek was considered a tomboy at school — just because she liked to play soccer. But Patty believes in a healthy mind and a healthy body. She jogs every day, plays racquetball, goes to aerobic classes and is studying for a degree in business administration at the same time. Patty believes that a solid foundation is important in life. "I don't do things on the spur of the moment," she says. "I'm a planner, I'm organised. I'm the kind of person who gets up and cleans the room every morning before leaving. I have to know what's going on and where I'm going to be at a certain time."

While she's studying business administration, Patty is considering being an actress or a model. "I do wonder what opportunities might be out there," she says. "I've had a taste of it through PLAYBOY and it does make you think. But I don't want to be like some girls who go into show business with big hopes for things that never happen. I guess I'm conservative. Hard to believe after appearing in PLAYBOY, I know, but I am in a lot of ways. I'd never modelled before in my life so naturally I hadn't modelled with my clothes off. I was nervous, it was embarrassing at first. But now that I've done it I'm glad, definitely glad." And now the world can agree, Patty Duffek has very substantial foundations.

Goldengirl

Queensland's Conie Pound wants a man with the golden touch

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

It has been said that gentlemen prefer blondes — but what do blondes prefer?

Ask our mischievous Playmate Of The Month and she will tell you the answer is quite simple: blondes prefer gentlemen of means. The more means the better.

"Money turns me on," says Conie. "Of course he must have beautiful eyes and be a fantastic dancer, too."

Recently turned 18, Conie is at an age when she doesn't believe in taking life too seriously. A dinkum Aussie sheila from the Queensland Outback, Conie has been in Sydney less than a year and is playing it strictly for fun.

She has the unquenchable confidence of a girl to whom everything comes easy. Or perhaps it's that Outback "she'll be right, mate" philosophy that makes her so sanguine about life in the big city.

Her biggest worry, when she isn't modelling, seems to be choosing between water skiing or horseriding. She says she particularly enjoys the latter.

"What woman doesn't?" she asks with a challenging twinkle in her eyes. "I don't just take 'em out for a trot either," she adds. "I enjoy a good hard gallop."

Conie is studying acting and hopes to launch a career in theatre and films. "But I'm not very good at the moment," she explains. "I need practice. But I'll get there. I'm a very determined person."

For reasons which must be abundantly apparent, Conie doesn't lack for male attention. Though, as she has already said, she's picky. Mere riches are a preliminary qualification to sort the pretenders from the contenders.

"I'm in no hurry to settle down with one man," she smiles. "So many people are out there trying to find each other and failing. I haven't found myself yet. I'm going to enjoy life, explore the possibilities, fulfil myself through time and experience."

And once he's passed the means test, what will her ideal man look like?

"Rudolph Valentino," she replies in an instant. "He had the most beautiful eyes, he was such a beautiful man. And such a good mover on horseback, too."

"I like a man not a wimp. But he must be a gentleman. I don't go for heavily muscled physiques; I like them strong but slim. Strong faces really turn me on. A clean-cut face with strong, masculine features. I like romance but not when it's all overdone. Rudolph Valentino had it all just right."

"I told my parents I was going to pose for Australian PLAYBOY because they're very important to me; I want them to be proud of my accomplishments. My mum seemed quite surprised, but happy. My dad mumbled a bit but I think he's proud of me. They don't mind the world knowing they have a beautiful daughter."

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Connie Peed

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Connie Pound

BUST: 32 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 7½ stone SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 21-3-65 BIRTHPLACE: Rockhampton

AMBITIONS: Money buys happiness - so I'll start with money!

TURN-ONS: Sexy sports cars, foot massages, Libran men.

TURN-OFFS: Having no money, violence, rude people, smokers and drunks.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Gorky Park, The Shining and anything by Fay Weldon, Tom Sharpe

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Marilyn Monroe, Clint Eastwood Stevie Nicks

FAVORITE SPORTS: Dancing, Running, Swimming

IDEAL MAN: Strong, independent, able to handle responsibility

SECRET FANTASY: To be totally satisfied sexually in my castle of love and sensuality.

7 months 10 years old 16 years old

Already a Poser Check the teeth Dressed To Kill

"It's lonely at the top, Miss Fullerton, so this time I'd like to be on the bottom."

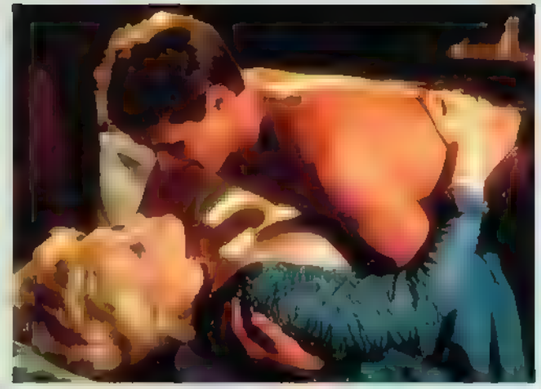
"Miss Ross, I dig your arse."

Hello, Young Lovers

Young men are coming on hard to older women — and the women are loving it

•

essay
by Cynthia Heimel



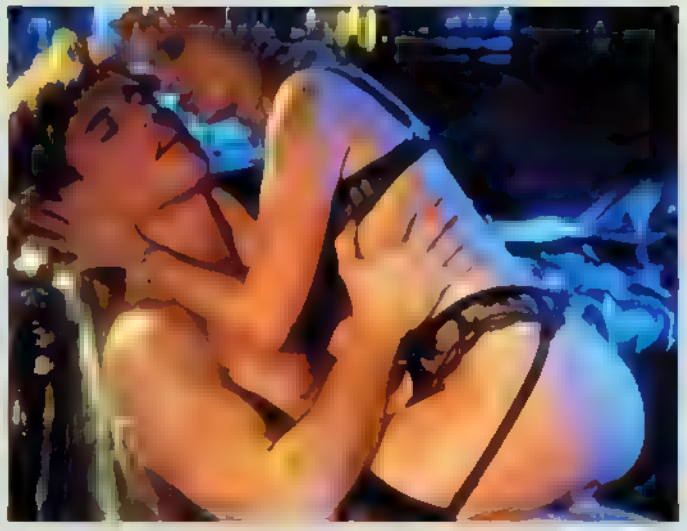
THANK YOU, Mary Tyler Moore. I thought that you'd done enough already, keeping us TV addicts happy with reruns of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. But now, Mary, you've married Dr Robert Levine, cardiologist, who some magazines say is 29, while others have decided he's 30. But all the glossies tell us you're 45, and they all say you're blissfully happy and nuzzle with your new husband in public a lot.

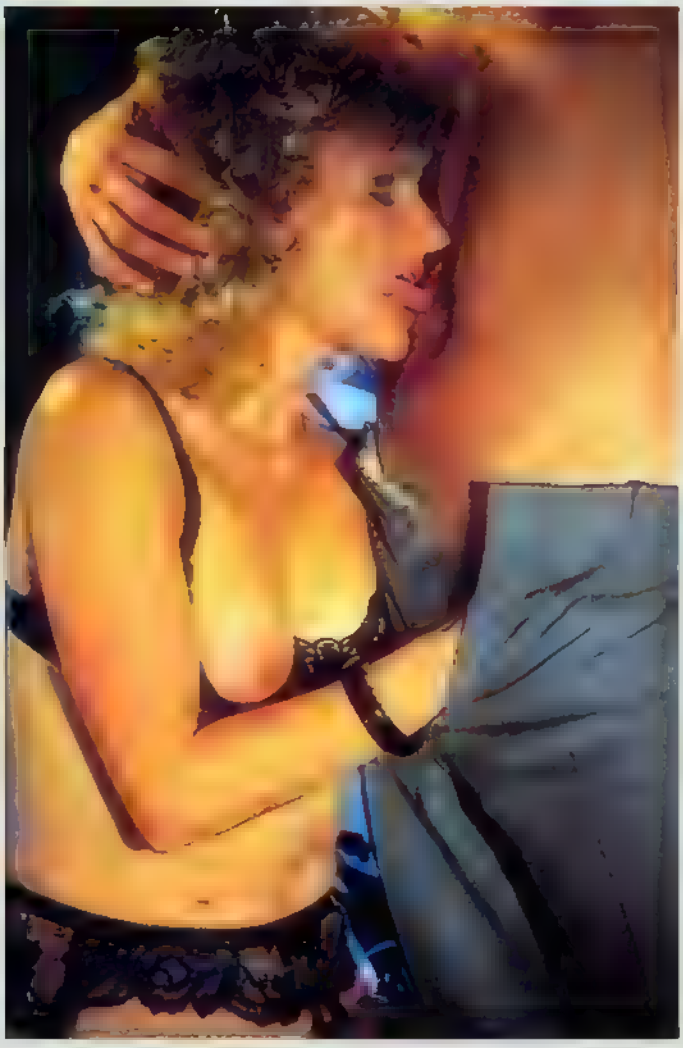
Because you're so popular, Mary, everything you do turns immediately into respectability. Not that it wasn't pleasant to find out that Carly Simon, 38, has a boyfriend of 27, or that Olivia Newton-John, 35, has a 25-year-old sweetie, or that Linda Ronstadt, 27, is cavorting with a 21-year-old. After all, they're only singers, whereas you're *Mary*, everybody's favorite. Women identify with you; men chastely adore you. You've made everything okay, and now other not-so-famous women — I for one — can come out of the closet. It was getting boring, apologising. "Oh, well, I know he's a decade younger than I, but you'd be surprised how mature he

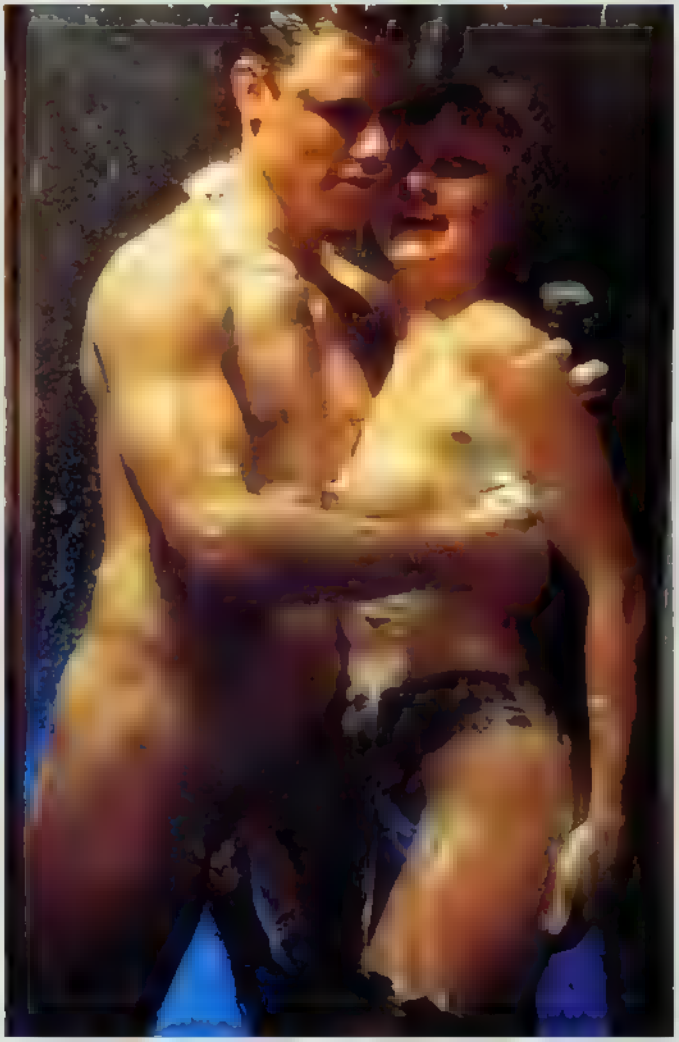
(continued on page 94)

RITA JENRETTE AND PHILLIP ANDERSON: Since her divorce from former US Congressman John Jenrette, lovely Rita, 32, has appeared in several hit TV shows as well as drawing critical acclaim on stage. She's now turned her hand to film, as well as appearing in the arms of Phillip, a 24-year-old actor and dancer. "I think the slightly older woman/younger man relationship is a trend whose time has come," says Rita, a university graduate who's looked at love from both sides now. "For years, older men have dated younger women. Why not the other way around? Before, I always felt secure with an older man, protected. But younger men kind of adore you. They respect you and listen to you. And younger men are much more fun." Says Phillip: "Just look at and listen to Rita and you'll see everything I love in a woman. She has a woman-child quality that fascinates me. I've never met a woman so mesmerising. Just when I think I know her completely, I learn that I don't know her at all." How about older/younger sex? "I wouldn't touch that with a ten-foot pole — no pun intended," Rita cries. "She's my friend *and* my lover," says Phillip. "I've learned so much from her."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



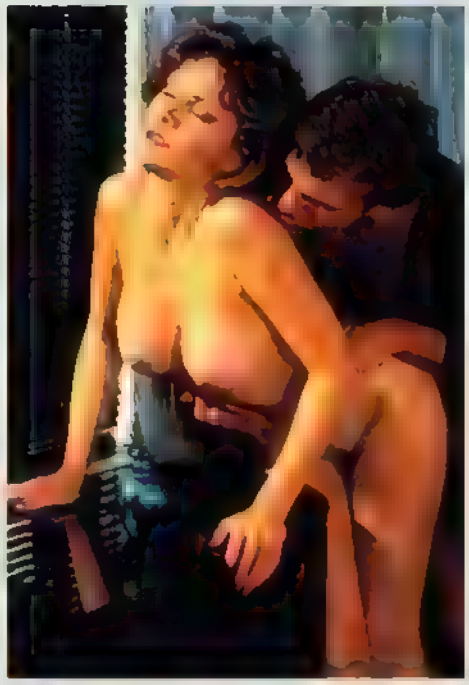




JOANNE BOSWELL AND MARTIN BOZLEE: Can you believe this? Martin is a model and Joanne's a millionaire. Real-estate broker Joanne, 37, met occasional go-go dancer Martin, 21, two years ago in a mountain resort. "There I was, just a bachelor sort of fellow," he remembers, "looking through the glass wall and there was this cute girl playing. She looked 18 or 19. Saw her later that night at a club and we danced four hours straight. We took a cab home. I dropped her off and then came back the next day. We had champagne and Mexican food for dinner, then went home for a romantic evening — the first night we really knew each other. It looked like the way it looks in these pictures."

"He's so uninhibited, so immodest, savvy, successful," Joanne says of her beau. "There's a bar in the rafters of our bedroom," he says. "It looks a little flimsy to hang from, but ever since I saw *Behind The Green Door...*" "No, no, cancel those pictures we just did! Truthfully," she says, "we have a pretty normal sex life."

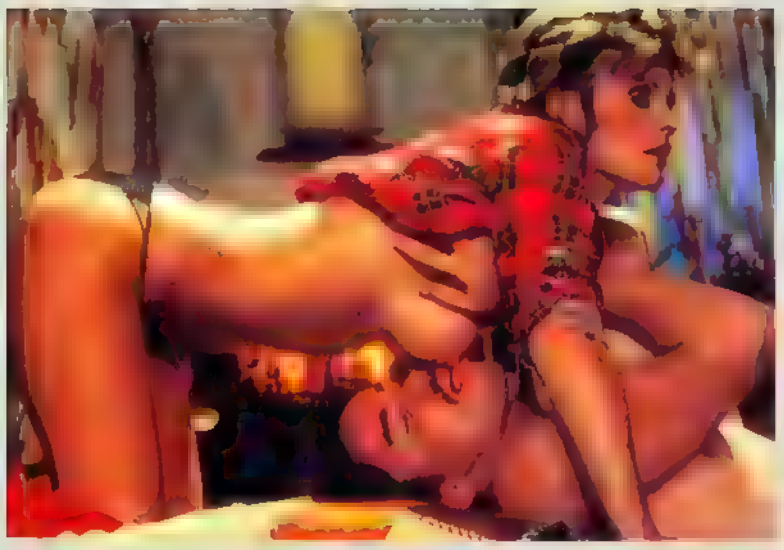
PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER



LINDA BUSCH AND CHUCK MAKAREWICZ: They were born on the same day, May 13 — she in 1949 and he in 1959. Formerly a stripper and now a sales assistant at a radio station, Linda met fitness instructor Chuck at the health club where he works. Everything has worked out fine ever since. Linda on Chuck: "I've been with men who knew less about sex and men who knew more. But I've never been with anyone who *felt* it as much. He cares more about my insides than my outsides. Whether we get married is up in the air, but I would like my son — he's 12 — to be like Chuck. And that's about the highest compliment I could pay him." Chuck on Linda: "When she showed up at the club, I was pretty impressed. I think it helps a lot that we're both fitness oriented." Chuck admits he was apprehensive about any erections that might come up during our shooting. "I'd never been photographed nude," he says. "We were both nude in the bed, and a few times I did get a little aroused. I kind of had to think of other things." "He has a positive attitude," says Linda. "We have a 50-50 relationship."

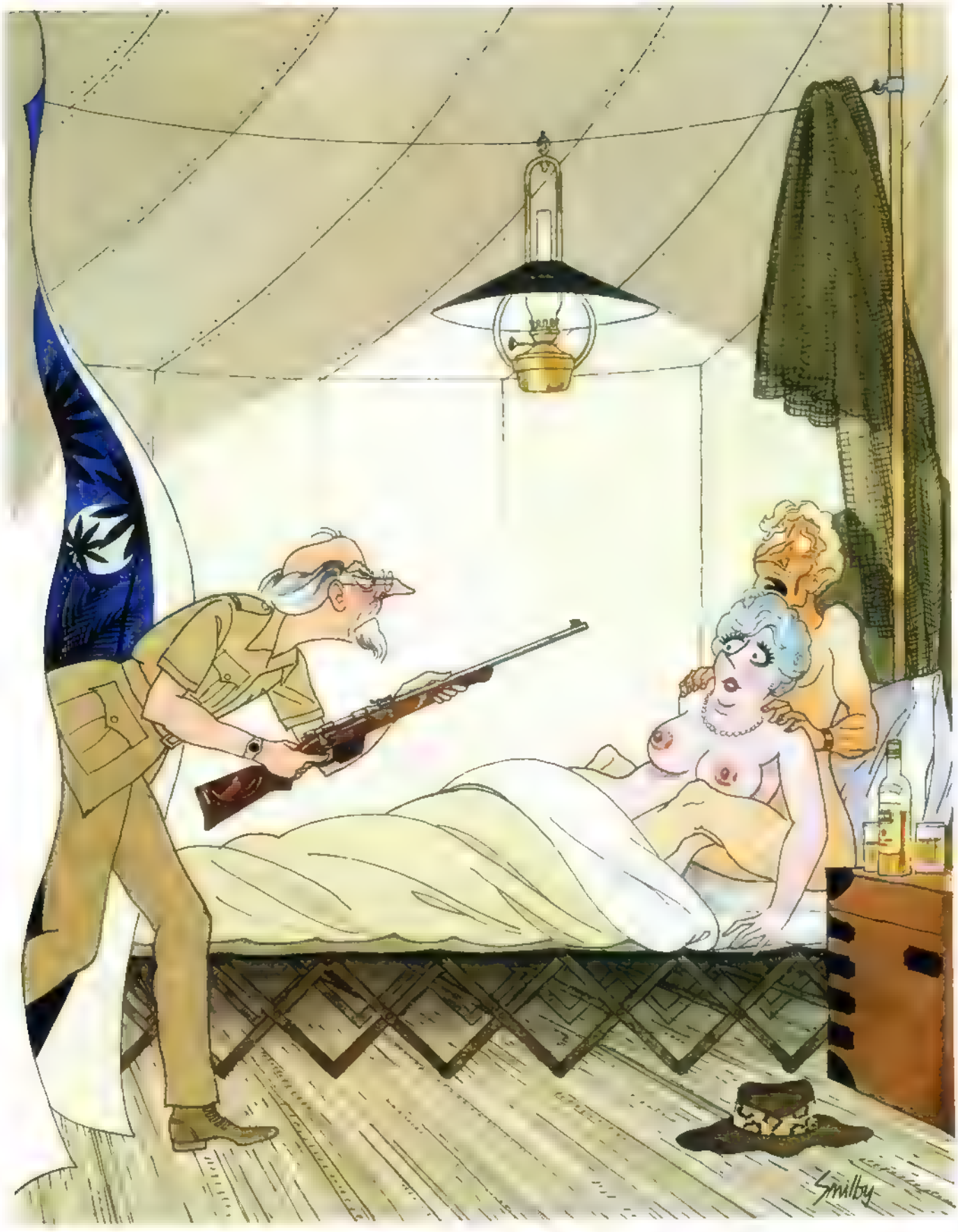
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

SHERIDA AND BILLY OERDING: This is marriage number three for Sherida, 35, and number two for Billy, 26. He's the breadwinner; she's the housewife. They live in the hills, where he runs his own timber business. "I'm confident in the way he feels about me," says Sherida. "We're best friends," says Billy of their summer romance. "I take extra care in making sure that I always make her feel that I love her. I try to make her feel she doesn't have anything to worry about, because she doesn't. In the beginning the age thing was a factor, because society said it was. It's not to us. But if there are other people who want to do the same thing, they should know it won't work unless the man is mature enough to handle it." A dynamic duo, Billy and Sherida have eyed all the sexual flavors society offers, and even sampled a few. "I've partied with other people," Billy says. "She has too." "I think in everybody's mind, a threesome is a fantasy. I was talked into one once," recalls Sherida, "in another relationship. The man said there was only one person in the world he could try it with, and that was his best friend, who was just like a brother to him. So we did it. I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it, I just realised that type of thing was not for me. But it was an experience I'll never forget."



VIKKI LA MOTTA AND PETER ATHAS: Peter, a former gridiron star, is 37. Vikki, former wife of boxing champ Jake La Motta, executive of the new Vikki La Motta Cosmetics corporation and veteran of one spectacular PLAYBOY appearance (November 1981), is 53. That's right, 53. "I was unsure about this pictorial," she said with a bewitching smile after the photo session. "There's no one I could have done it with but Peter. He's a good friend and he's a wild man." Peter had his own reservations. "It was weird," he says. "You don't pose with your bum hanging out every day." The photo session went like this — VIKKI: "You get undressed first." PETER: "No, you go first." VIKKI: "No, you." PETER: "No way. You first." VIKKI: "We'll do it at the same time." Which is exactly what they did. While Vikki reminds Peter of many football stars who are tough, outlaws and winners, her closing message to all her Australian PLAYBOY fans is: "Make every day fresh and young and new. Don't be crippled by the past; age is just a word."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



"For God's sake, Carruthers — you're a conservationist, remember."

"The gentleman at the other end of the bar would like to buy you a drink. The gentleman at this end of the bar would like to fuck you."

THE GIRL WHO PUT THE THRILL IN 'THRILLER'

You'd dance like Michael Jackson if Ola Ray was your partner

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

'THRILLER'

Unless you've spent the past two years in Greenland you would have noticed that a young, black American singer called Michael Jackson has enjoyed a degree of success with a record album called *Thriller*. You may also have noticed that it hasn't been easy for anyone else to steal some of Michael's limelight.

Ola Ray did it. And she doesn't even sing. Ola is the wide-eyed beauty who appears with Michael in the million-dollar video clip made to accompany *Thriller*. She plays the hot little number who goes on a date to a horror movie only to discover her boyfriend has a monstrous sense of humor.

Ironically that video has been seen by more people worldwide than any of Ola's movies. She

'THRILLER'

appeared in *Night Shift* with Henry Winkler, *48 Hours* with Eddie Murphy and *Ten To Midnight* with Charles Bronson, in which she was stabbed to death in the shower.

"I'm a good screamer," she says.

While Ola is one of the few young women ever to get close to Michael, she says there were no romantic overtones during their two weeks on the *Thriller* set.

"My woman's intuition tells me Michael is basically a very conventional guy who will, when he meets the right girl, settle down and have a conventional family life," says Ola. "He's a very simple, honest person."

And that leaves the way clear for us to appreciate all the charms that Michael missed.

Isn't it nice to know you're one step ahead of Michael Jackson in something?

"Remember, Susan — those guys are pros."

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NEXT MONTH

SEX THERAPY: AUSTRALIAN MEN ARE OPENING UP ABOUT THEIR SEXUAL NEEDS AND FEARS BUT JUST HOW LEGITIMATE IS THIS TYPE OF THERAPY?

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: IAN SINCLAIR IS THE ONLY MAN ON THE OPPOSITION BENCHES TOUGH ENOUGH TO SLUG IT OUT WITH HAWKE TOE-TO-TOE. BUT JUST HOW TOUGH IS HE?

THERE'S NEVER BEEN A GIRL LIKE LUCY. LOVELY LUCY GILL IS BACK IN A PICTORIAL WHICH SHOWS WHY SHE IS ONE OF OUR MOST POPULAR CENTREFOLDS.

AUSTRALIA IS A TOUGH PLACE IN WHICH TO GET AHEAD — BUT THERE ARE WAYS. WE REVEAL SOME SECRETS ON HOW TO CLAW YOUR WAY TO THE TOP.

WITCHES *(continued from page 112)*

On the black velour mattresses Van Horne had provided, the three women played with him together. . .

outline to undulate as she walked toward them, into the sallow floor lights that guarded the rim of the tub, out of the black background of this place, its artificial dark monotone like that of a recording studio; the edge of the apparition of her naked beauty undulated as when in a movie a series of stills are successively imposed upon the viewer to give an effect of fluttering motion, disturbing and spectral, in silence. Then Sukie was close to them and restored to three dimensions, her so lovely long bare side marred endearingly by a pink wart and not only her limbs freckled but her forehead too, and a band across her nose, and even, a distinct constellation, on the flat of her chin, a little triangular chin crinkled in determination as she sat on the tub edge and, taking a breath, with arched back and tensed buttocks eased herself into the smoking healing water. "Christ," Sukie said.

"You'll get used to it," Alexandra reassured her. "It's heavenly once you make your mind up."

"What were they doing?" Jane Smart asked. Her head and throat looked shrivelled, Alexandra's eyes having dwelt so long and fondly on Sukie.

"Oh," Sukie answered her, "the usual. Watching old movies on TV and getting themselves sick on lollies."

"You didn't by any chance swing by my house?" Alexandra asked, feeling shy.

"Baby, Marcy is 17," Sukie said. "She's a big girl. She can cope. Wake up." And she touched Alexandra on the shoulder, a playful push. Reaching the little distance to give the push lifted one of Sukie's rose-tipped breasts out of the water; Alexandra wanted to suck it, even more than she had wanted to kiss Van Horne's bottom. She suffered a prevision of the experience, her face laid sideways in the water, her hair streaming loose and drifting into her lips as they shaped their receptive O. Her left cheek felt hot, and Sukie's green glance showed she was reading Alexandra's mind.

The town of Eastwick was to gossip that year — for there were leaks: Fidel made friends with a woman in town, a waitress at Nemo's — about the evil doings at the old Lenox place, but what struck Alexandra this first night and ever after was the amiable human awkwardness of it all, controlled as it was by the awkwardness of their eager and subtly misshapen host, who not only fed them and gave them shelter and music but provided the blessing without which courage of the contemporary sort fails and trickles away into ditches others have dug.

Van Horne pressed a button and the corrugated roof rumbled back across the section of night sky. He put on records — first Joplin, yelling and squawking herself hoarse on Piece Of My Heart and Get It While You Can and Summertime and Down On Me, the very voice of joyful, defiant female despair, and then Tiny Tim, tiptoeing through the tulips and with a thrilling androgynous warbling that Van Horne couldn't get enough of, returning the needle to the beginning grooves over and over, until the witches clamorously demanded Joplin again.

On his acoustical system the music surrounded them, arising in all four corners of the room; they danced, the four clad in only their auras and hair, with shy and minimal motions, keeping within the music, often turning their backs, letting the titanic ghostly presences of the singers soak them through and through.

When Joplin croaked Summertime at that broken tempo, remembering the words in impassioned spasms as if repeatedly getting up off the canvas in some internal drug-hazed prize-fight, Sukie and Alexandra swayed in each other's arms without their feet moving, their fallen hair stringy and tangled with tears, their breasts touching, nuzzling, fumbling in pale pillowfight, lubricated by drops of sweat worn on their chests like the broad bead necklaces of ancient Egypt. And when Joplin, with that deceptively light-voiced opening, drifted into the whirlpool of Me And Bobby McGee, Van Horne, his empurpled penis rendered hideously erect by a service Jane had performed for him on her knees, pantomimed with his uncanny hands in the dark above her bobbing head the tumultuous solo provided by the inspired pianist of the Full Tilt Boogie Band.

On the black velour mattresses Van Horne had provided, the three women played with him together, using the parts of his body as a vocabulary with which to speak to each other; he showed supernatural control, and when he did come, his semen, all agreed later, was marvellously cold. Dressing after midnight, Alexandra felt as if she were filling her clothes with a weightless gas, her flesh had been so purified by its long immersion in the hot tub. Driving home in her Subaru, the interior of which smelled of dog, she saw the full moon with its blotchy mournful face in the top of her tinted windshield and irrationally thought for a second that astronauts, in an act of imperial atrocity, had spray-painted that vast surface green.

Excerpt from THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK *by John Updike. To be published by Andre Deutsch in October.*